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P O E M S

BY

D. DAKEYNE, JUN.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

OF THE MEDICAL

D. BAKKINER, F.R.S.

OF THE MEDICAL



PRICE, FIVE SHILLINGS

7

P O E M S

B Y

D. D A K E Y N E, J U N.

K

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

QUANTULACUNQUE ESTIS VOS, EGO MAGNA VOCO.

C H E S T E R F I E L D ;

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P O E M S

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TO
THE DESCENDANTS
OF THOSE ILLUSTRIOUS PATRIOTS,
WHO,
BY THEIR WISDOM, COURAGE, AND INTEGRITY,
EFFECTED
THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION, 1688,
THE FOLLOWING HUMBLE ATTEMPT
TO SET FORTH THE HAPPY CONSEQUENCES
OF THAT MEMORABLE EVENT,
AND TO
DESCRIBE ITS JUBILEE,
AS CELEBRATED AT
WHITTINGTON AND CHESTERFIELD,
IN THE COUNTY OF DERBY,
NOVEMBER FIFTH, 1788,
IS, WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT,
INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

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OF THOSE ILLUSTRIOUS PATRIOTS

WHO

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AS WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT

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THE
TRIUMPH of LIBERTY.

YE sacred Powers that haunt the silent dells
Of Inspiration, that in early youth,
Instinctive, urg'd my careless lips to breathe
Spontaneous Song, when, led by genuine joy,
At Morn or Eve, I wander'd o'er the lawn,
Delighted, or, in thicket deep-imbower'd,
And thrown beside the ever-murmuring Stream,
I mus'd on Nature and her primal Cause,
In whispers, pregnant with the Poet's flame,
Impart your sweet assistance, while I sing
BRITANNIA's Triumph o'er Oppression's sway,
And her unbounded gratitude to those

B

Who,

TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.

Who, risking fortune, dignity and life,
Preserv'd from ruin her distinguish'd Isle.
Come to my aid, ye ever-tuneful Nine.
And thou, fair Goddess of divine descent,
Genius of DEVONSHIRE's illustrious Line,
Inspiring Liberty! without whose smiles
All Nature would appear a cheerless wild
Ungracious to the Poet, from thy Mount,
On adamantine pillars firm sustain'd,
And girt by Albion's Guardians undismay'd,
Transfuse thy ardent Spirit to my breast;
And what I want of Song's essential fire,
With patriot love and glowing zeal, supply!

Ere Morn is seen to tinge the mountain tops
With twilight pale, the busy Housewife warms
Her humble Cottage, with a chearful blaze;
And calls her offspring, to partake the meal
Of simple beverage, by her hands prepar'd.
No luxury her careful house affords;

Yet

Yet of her best she gives them—who can more?
Garrulous, around the hearth they crowd,
And quaff with eager swiftneſs, leſt delay
Should diſappoint them of the rumor'd joy.
The Matron joins their converſe, and bids haſte
To Scarſdale's honor'd region—then to all
Her anxious bleſſing gives. Now ſound the vales
With voices join'd in colloquy benign,
As o'er the plains the Peaſants take their way,
And o'er the mountains roam. From ſpires remote,
The mingling peal of loudly-ſounding Bells
Is heard with joy thro' the nocturnal air,
Which yields a penſive pleaſure to the Soul,
And wraps her powers in contemplation ſweet;
While from his ſtraw-clad palace, rudely rous'd,
Before his cuſtom'd time, fierce chanticleer
His ſhrill-tun'd clarion winds, and fills the air
With animating muſic, aptly join'd
By deep-mouth'd Village-dogs that bark aloud.

Come ye, who love to be sublimely pleas'd,
And gladly pensive; ye, who taste the joy
Of virtuous pleasure, and admire the scene
Delightful without art; and know to join
Reflection with the objects that attract,
Come to my lofty eminence, while Night
Extends her mantle o'er the solemn view,
And hear the grateful discord; see from far
The Cottage windows twinkle in the dale;
And view the Mountains lift their shaggy heads,
Gilt with the lunar beam; while half the vales
In dewy mist and darkness lie obscur'd.

See yonder Vill * that thro' the gloom appears
Involv'd in vapors. There conven'd the Chiefs
Who rescu'd Liberty from lawless Power,
And call'd from Belgium's sea-endanger'd shore
The Star of Truth and Freedom. Void of fear
They met, and risk'd their properties and lives,

For

* Whittington.

For what they more esteem'd, THEIR COUNTRY's WEAL.

O let their virtues dwell upon your minds,

And fill your plausive songs with grateful fire!

To-day their Children, tho' centennial Suns

Have shed their lustres on the rolling Globe

Since that important day, whence BRITONS date

Their native Rights and Liberties restor'd,

In joyful trains assemble, to return

Their grateful homage to the bounteous Skies

Which gave the blest Event. Nor will be left

Devoid of praise the noble Ministers,

Whom Heav'n ordain'd to work the glorious Change.

For hark! ere bright Aurora gives the dawn,

And spreading wide her fair effusive red,

Tinctures the golden Orient, how the hills

And vocal rocks, responsive to the shouts

Of mingled praises, cheer the dismal dale.

Hark! how the music of the distant bells

Glad the chill air, and fills it with a sort

Of inspiration and enlivening sound:

For,

For, 'twixt the Soul and harmony, exists
A mediate sympathy, which gives the mind,
Thro' fancy's aid, expansion and delight,
Or, as the Soul is temper'd, grief or joy.

It was not so when grim Oppression's rod,
Protended by blind Zeal's unfeeling arm,
O'er pale BRITANNIA wav'd. Then nought was heard
But groans and lamentations, and deep sighs
That fearful issued from the daunted breast:
No glad rejoicing then assail'd the ear
With joy exalted; all was damp and dead;
Not like this morn, when universal joy
Pours her effusions on the greeted ear,
And speaks the mildness of a Patriot King,
With glad acclaim; when Nature's mighty self
(Tho' oft November cloaths himself in storms,
And has, for some days past, deform'd the earth,
With frightful tempests and uncheerful showers)
Seems conscious of th' occasion, and with smiles

Of

TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.

Of gratulation, gives the glorious Day.

Delightful prelude!

Lo! o'er yonder hill,
That bounds the prospect with a circling ridge,
And seems to prop the radiant arch of heav'n,
The blushing dawn appears array'd in light,
Bedropt with fluid gold. Favonian gales,
Mov'd by the impulse of the solar beam,
Begin to breathe, and break th' embodied mist
Which veils the vale's expanse. The pearly dew,
Thrown from the leafless thicket, patters round,
And sways the faded grass. And now diffus'd,
Dispers'd and broken into volumes white,
The fleecy vapors climb the neighb'ring hills;
And now ascended, sail along the sky.
The less'ning shadows flow receding east,
Reign the vales to brightness; and the Sun
(The Bells continuing still their murmur loud,
And the shrill shouts resounding thro' the air)

Advancing

Advancing o'er th' horizon, pours the day
In glist'ning splendor, while the shiv'ring limbs,
With pleasing transport, feel his vivid rays.

Thus, tho' with progress scarce perceiv'd and slow,
When ignorance and superstitious Night,
And Tyranny, besmear'd with guiltless blood,
Involv'd the world, the Sun of learning rose,
At first faint-gleaming on the Chaos wild
Of error, and bewilder'd thought confus'd :
The mental vapours tardily gave way ;
And e'en for ages, scientific light
And glorious knowledge, only had a dawn !
How abject then was shackled reason sunk !
How lost in oceans of intemp'rate zeal !
The world was all confusion ; murder, lust,
Rapine and superstition, each to each
Succeeded ; Mammon urg'd the hand to deeds
Of dreadful outrage, and made man appear
A hideous monster ; e'en the Men, ordain'd

To

To lead th' erroneous to the fount of light,
 Missed them more, and fir'd with impious pride
 Ambitious, wrapt the frantic world in flames.
 Ah! where was then that sacred scroll of Truth,
 That Tome divine of wisdom; that sure Guide
 Of human conduct, if pursu'd aright,
 From Heav'n deriv'd? 'Twas lock'd from vulgar eyes,
 And, by malign perversion, made the tool
 Of dire extortion, avarice and pride!
 Ah! where were then the Monitors of old,
 The Grecian Sages? Worse than pagan gloom
 Hung mantling o'er the nations; none, to wake
 The voice of Plato in the flowery shade,
 Or breathe Socratic eloquence sublime,
 In that Obscure were found! All were perverse,
 And wrapt in bigot-blindness: Thund'ring, loud,
 Anathemas tremendous even shook
 The thrones of princes, and full oft compell'd
 The proud oppressors of the human race
 To cringe to vile chimeras, and let go

C

Their

Their plunder, to assuage th' announcer's wrath.
Can crimes be found that did not stain us then?
O History! blot thy all-flooding page!
And let us gaze no longer on the deeds
Disgraceful to mankind! They pain the soul,
And wound the tender feelings of the heart.
But whither wanders my excursive Muse?
Those crimes have uses eminent and high:
They stand, directive, on the faithful page
Like Pharos on the margin of the main,
And teach us to avoid the dang'rous rocks
Of superstition, error and blind zeal,
On which so many thousands have been driv'n.
They teach us, by comparison, to love
The age we live in; teach us to support,
By ev'ry virtuous effort, ev'ry nerve,
Those glorious liberties, which first evolv'd
BRITANNIA from the maze of gothic night,
And rais'd her to the pinnacle sublime
Of human greatness, never to decay,

While

While BRUNSWICK's Line her lawful sceptre sways,
And BRITONS know their sacred Rights to prize.

Now in the busy Town* assembles thick
The various concourse. From the lofty Peak,
Where Nature shews her most romantic works,
And sheds her wildest horrors, fill'd with joy,
The freeborn race descends. A mingled train
Of all denominations; those who bask
In plenty's sunshine, cheerful to the soul;
And those whom Fate has doom'd to want and toil;
Perhaps in Mines to dig the massive ore,
And earn a scanty meal; or, black with smoke,
Burn rocks adust, t' improve the barren soil;
Or till the ground reluctant. Yet their hills,
By nature cheerless, horrible and drear,
Their Mines sulphureous, fill'd with various deaths,
And soil reluctant, never can destroy
Their native love of freedom. From the plains

Of fulminous Brigantium, where in smoke,
 The nervous artists weld the massy bars,
 Industrious' thousands come, intent to join
 The festive throng, and hail the joyous day.
 Nor less does Derwent, crown'd with waving woods
 And craggy mountains, pour the numerous tribes
 That haunt her fruitful banks, or winding Wye,
 Or famous Trent, or Amber's lucid stream.
 From ev'ry quarter flow the festive trains,
 Rejoicing, and prepare to form the grand
 Procession. Hark! the clangous horn, inspir'd
 By indefatigable lungs, with piercing sound
 Affails the vault of Heav'n; the softer flute
 Mingles her milder melody among,
 To soothe the list'ning ear; while tuneful notes,
 From various instruments arising sweet,
 Join the full concord, and inspire the soul.

Now in the air, uprear'd by nervous arm,
 The filky streamers wave, emblazon'd bright

With

With symbols and escutcheons of the Chiefs,
Who quell'd ambition's rage, and hung in scales,
Of equal poize, the King's and People's Rights.

Onward the train proceeds, array'd in robes
That mimic the cerulean arch, adorn'd
With favors, knotted by the hand of taste,
To form whose hue, the hyacinth and rose,
Have lent their mingled colors, emblems fair
Of him, who, landing on BRITANNIA's shore,
Made papal fury and despotic sway,
Their iron-grasp relinquish, and let fall
The tyrant sceptre and imperious rod.

And now at WHITTINGTON's revered vill,
Which shall thro' future ages meet regard,
More reverential from BRITANNIA's Sons
Than Mecca's shrine from superstitious awe,
The splendid crowd arrives in order fair.

The

The church is throng'd, wherein the sage divine
With sacred counsel, on his natal day,
Instructs the silent audience. From his lips
The dulcet words of joy and truth distil.
No affectation, with her nauseous arts,
Infects his speech or action, all is pure
And simple, as becomes the holy place.
And well it may: for him, in early youth,
Fair Genius found, exalted with her fire,
And taught him to examine sacred things
With truth's unbiafs'd eye. To him old time
Imparts the secrets of his hoary scroll;
And round his temples, Fame her wreath entwines,
Bright as the tire which girts an Angel's head.
Hear him, ye sons of pleasure, ye, who tread
Circéan paths, and riot in the tears
Of innocence betray'd and honor fall'n!
Hear him advise you to forego the plans
Of vile seduction, and direct your minds

To

* The Rev. Mr. PEGGE.

To more sublime pursuits, your Country's Weal,
And Reformation's all-essential work.
How necessary now such counsel pure,
When irreligion and neglect of God,
All ranks pervade, when vicious pleasure sinks
The soul in baseness and absorbs her powers,
When dissipation, sharpeners, and parade,
Our coffers empty, undermine our strength,
And sow the seeds of weakness in our hearts.
Be cautious, BRITONS! lest, by drinking deep
Of Vice's baneful stream, ye bring again
That night which once involv'd us! Rise, ye Great!
And set the good example; as ye lead,
The lower ranks implicitly pursue;
In your high sphere commence the grand reform:
Reflect how large a debt ye owe your fires,
And what a larger still is due to Heav'n!
And trust that worthy and exalted deeds
Will best discharge them. Think what ample praise
Posterity will lavish on your names,

When

When thro' their tribes they see the virtues reign,
 Inspir'd by you, and blessings shower'd from high,
 In recompence of actions great and pure.
 On private virtue hangs the public weal :
 While we are virtuous, BRITAIN will be great ;
 If we grow vicious, soon her powers will fail.

The service ended, lo, the festive throng
 The famous Cot * encircles, where conven'd
 England's Preservers, and the plan devis'd,
 Which rais'd her present glory, and regain'd
 Her Freedom lost. Hark ! how the piercing shouts
 Rend the resounding skies, and fill the air
 With joyous echos and heart-cheering sounds.

There dwells a kind of inspiration sweet,
 Where deeds of deathless fame have been perform'd,
 That wakes a pleasing pathos in the soul,
 And sets her powers a musing. Happy they,

Who

* The Revolution House.

Who feel the sacred flame. Let me retire,
Glad with the cheerful din, to where the Chiefs
In consultation sit, and sink inspir'd
Amid such raptur'd reverie sublime.

Hail honor'd walls ! you I survey with joy,
And awful reverence ; ye that lent a shade
To patriot virtue and untainted truth,
In times emergent ! May no impious hand
Your sacred stones deface, or treach'rous foot
This hallow'd room invade ! O ye, whom Vice
With charm ignoble lures, whom venal aims
Divert from justice and the paths of right,
Whom honor ne'er inspir'd—O ye, who strive,
By adulation's opiate blandishments,
To lull th' exalted centinel that guards
The gate of power, when selfish motives fire,
And not the public weal, your fordid souls,
Pernicious slaves of gain, prepar'd t' excite,
And feed ambitious views—O void of truth !

D

O false

O false dissembling patriots! ye, who fir'd
By envy, malice, or delusive thirst
Of popular applause, assume the garb
Of Freedom fair, to fire the madding crowd,
And from their lares infernal to provoke
Sedition's direful fiends——Fallacious crew!
Avaunt! approach not here! this hoary place
Is sacred, consecrate to freedom pure,
And virtue uncorrupt. Here dwell the powers
(Strangers to you) by Heav'n's supreme decree,
To guard the glory of the British name
Appointed. Here the Worthies met, who scorn'd
Whate'er was base, who valu'd not their lives
When Freedom stood endanger'd. Come, ye fair!
Scatter, with laurel and triumphal flowers,
This hallow'd place, and chant your patriot songs,
While gratitude and joy your breasts inspire.

Hail to the Friends of glorious Liberty,
Wherever plac'd, whatever be their lot;

Whether

Whether they tread a hostile shore, or lend
 To BRITAIN's cause a thought benevolent.
 The Muse no narrow bound of kindness knows;
 Her wishes reach creation's farthest verge.
 We once were one, and shou'd have still remain'd
 One social body, had not thirst of power,
 And jarring passions, torn us from ourselves.
 Hail to the Prince, who feels the lib'ral flame
 Of ALFRED, when amid the royal shade,
 He plann'd his people's happiness and weal,
 Stretch'd forth his ample soul, and laid the base
 Of those distinguish'd, equitable laws,
 Which since have made us wonderful and great.
 O may the monarchs of the spacious earth,
 Pursue his bright example, and like him,
 Disseminate the seeds of truth and joy
 Among their various tribes. And did they know
 Thy sweets, O Liberty! they wou'd not long
 (If pure benevolence their hearts inspir'd)
 Turn from thy soft, accessible delights.

But, Goddess! they are blind—they know thee not;
Tyrannic gloom obscures their tainted eyes,
And from their tow'ring, yet contracted aims,
Secludes those prospects, whose celestial ends
Wou'd bless mankind and them. Mistaken herd!
They know not that in *thee* centre all
Those founts of grandeur, dignity and awe,
Which in despotic power they vainly seek.
Ev'n, BRITAIN, thou, who like a speck appear'st
Amid thy subject waters, which, each day,
Bring tribute to thy ports from realms remote,
Whom lately we beheld sustain th' assault
Of "half the nations of the peopled globe,"
And even rise superior to their might,
When RODNEY's thunder shook th' Atlantic wave,
And ELLIOT's burst resistless from the rock—
Ev'n, BRITAIN, thou so rich in patriot chiefs,
So rich in sages, so renown'd for truth,
So fam'd for prowess and illustrious deeds,
Hast sometimes (when ambitious Kings, misled

By

By favorites vile, or erring notions high
Of state, have grasp'd at pow'r unlimited)
From liberty receded, and awhile
Degen'rate sunk ; yet soon to rise again
More glorious from the fall, to lay the base
Of freedom firmer, haply not to move.
O Freedom ! sweetest, choicest boon of Heav'n,
Celestial Guardian of this favor'd Isle,
Delight-inspiring, strength-creating pow'r !
How fair my fancy paints thee. Ev'n the scene
Where plenty smiles luxuriant, and the fields
Wave glist'ning with the sun and dewy pearl,
Which oft, at eve, enraptur'd I survey
From some high mountain's wood-invested top,
Equals not half thy beauty ; nor the Morn
Suffus'd with roses and bespangled gold.
Not in the sanguine horrors of the field
Consist thy glories. In thy train appears,
Joyous, and smiling with unbounded love,
Humanity, the Daughter of the skies,

Extensive

Extensive good diffusing. At thy side,
Peace rides triumphant, her innocuous hand
Waving an olive branch ; not distant far,
Strength, whose undaunted front to friendship awes
Th' insidious foe : and where those kindred pow'rs
With thee unite, wide Commerce must attend
Active, with Industry assured to reap
The harvest of his toil. For in thy hand,
The scales of Justice are impartial poiz'd.
Thy bosom breathes benevolence ; thy smiles
Encourage genius, and call forth the Arts.
Foster'd by thee, fair Science spreads her light,
Religion yields a pure, unclouded ray.
By thee protected, dignity and pow'r
Await the Fair ; and privilege of choice
Their bosoms solacé. At our boards they shine
So sweetly graceful, that ev'n fancy deems
The feast ambrosia. Where can I select
In nature aught that may with them compare ;
Comparison is lost in charms so bright.

Come,

TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.

83

Come, Liberty, portray them to my soul,
Dress'd in the flowers of fancy; thou canst best,
Whate'er is elegant or fair, display;
Thyself a source of elegance and love.
Yet thou art all tremendous, when the arm
Of pow'r despotic lifts her lawless spear,
Aiming to pierce thy bosom, then involv'd
In horrid gloom thy daring front appears.
But while encourag'd by the Monarch's smile,
What nymph is more benignant? Can you find,
Amid the gentle gales that fan the spring,
An influence more soft than springs from her?
But, if deep-wounded by the tyrant's spear,
What lioness, amid the desert wild,
Rouses more fierce to rend the daring wretch
Who aims to spill her life-blood? Witness thou *
Who, trampling on the native rights of men,
Men born to freedom, men, who wou'd not be,
Unless from bondage free; what wrath inflam'd

Her

* King John.

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Her

* King John.

Her injur'd BARONS, who, in armor clad,
By conquest bold, and stern with sense of wrongs,
Compell'd thy humbled; yet reluctant arm,
To sign her glorious CHARTER; source of good,
The pride of BRITONS. Runnymede beheld
The sacred deed; and Thames, exulting, roll'd
More musically by, as if inform'd
What commerce, thence deriv'd, wou'd gild his waves,
And all his shores and glitt'ring towns adorn.
Nor less the Friends of Liberty divine
Were those conspicuous and inspiring names,
PYM, ELLIOT, COKE, and HAMPDEN, glorious Chiefs;
Who, in an age when proud ambition strove
To mine what BRITONS value more than life,
Stood forth, and rous'd the public to resist
Despotic pow'r. Nor less that virtuous Fair,
That upright consort of a wav'ring Judge,
Illustrious CROOK, magnanimous and wise,
Who, fir'd with Spartan Virtue, did inspire
Her weaker Mate with courage to sustain

The

The cause of truth against a Court corrupt,
 And grim with terrors of tyrannic sway.
 What horrors follow'd let ambition read,
 They form a page for her! Yet could they not
 Deter the arm of arbitrary Pride
 From hurling, with insidious aim, again,
 After a frolic and inglorious reign,
 Her woe-diffusing Brand, replete with fire
 Of livid malice, that awhile had lain
 Smother'd, reluctant, in the royal breast,
 Tho' obvious oft in coruscations dire,
 That spoke a magazine of thunder stor'd,
 To burst immediate with unsparing blast.
 SYDNEY, thy fate too sadly can attest
 What lawless views the faithless Prince inspir'd;
 And, RUSSEL, thine, the pious and the just,
 Who bled for freedom. 'Twas a noble cause.
 He stood the fury of the dreadful storm,
 And perish'd like a lamb by light'ning smitten!
 What indignation and heart-rending grief,

E

Inspire

Inspire my Soul whene'er your crying wrongs
Affail me! Worthy of a better fate!
Your mournful story shall impress my heart,
And never thence depart while life is there.
Their doom so tragic, cruel and unjust,
Ensuing woe portended. Soon aside
The mask was drawn, and tyranny appear'd
Audacious, driving from her favorite land
Astræa heav'nly-born. Religion stood
Agast with horror, trembling to behold
Her seat usurp'd by superstitious rage,
Whence persecution springs. The papal Herd,
Like Egypt's plagues in Pharaoh's guilty day,
Each fount of light infested, and o'er-ran
The seats of justice, in the royal ear
Infusing poison—What could then ensue,
But disaffection, conflict and dispute?
Did BRITONS ever tamely bear before
Oppression's yoke, or to the tyrant's spear,
Obsequious bend and ask ignoble life?

Had

Had they, tho' plung'd in luxury and ease,
Forgot the source of Albion's glory?—No!
Then deem not, Tyrant, that thy lawless aims
Will meet completion; sooner hope to calm
The boist'rous sea when storms upturn its waves.

In those dire times of anarchy and dread,
Burning with all the ardor, which inspir'd
Of their great Sires the independent Soul,
To this lone Cot, great CAVENDISH retir'd;
With BOOTH and OSBORNE, names of high renown,
And DARCY, glorious in the list of fame.
They met not in the gorgeous rooms of state
To breathe their patriot thoughts: distinction dropt
When ruin threaten'd with uplifted arm,
To strike their Country with Oppression's rod.
No factious fury urg'd their noble souls
With sordid impulse. Their impartial breasts
With Roman virtue glow'd. They felt the flame
Which Cassius felt; thro' which firm Sydney bled.

And dauntless Ruffel calm resign'd his breath,
A sacrifice to freedom. Thus endu'd
With rigid virtue, 'midst an age corrupt,
They saw their Country's danger, and with voice
Advent'rous, liberty-inspir'd, and brave,
Invited NASSAU, fam'd for prowess firm,
The Check of Gallic Pride, to guard our rights,
And firm support BRITANNIA's sinking cause,
Thro' lawless power, exanimate and weak.
Observant of the call, th' illustrious Chief,
Inflam'd with freedom, spread his streaming sails
Wide on the surging sea. The driving winds
Propitious bear him to the Queen of Isles;
And Tyranny resigns her iron rod;
Oppression is no more. Fair Justice then
Resum'd her seat, array'd in spotless robes;
Religion breath'd her sentiments, unaw'd,
And all was wrapt in calmness. Arts reviv'd,
And bloom'd afresh; and Genius wak'd her song
Melodious, warbling forth the praise of him,

Who

Who snatch'd BRITANNIA from the gaping jaws
Of that tremendous, fathomless abyfs,
Where Afhur lies entom'd, with many a realm
Forgotten now ; where Greece untimely funk,
The feat of elegance, the nurse of arts!
And where (O sad viciffitude of things !)
All-ruling Rome herself has found a grave !

Such were the men that made BRITANNIA great.
Such were the struggles that preserv'd our rights,
And fav'd a finking nation. Drear to think,
By what great efforts of unshaken zeal,
By what effufions of untainted blood,
This Pillar firm of Liberty was rais'd !
How happy then are we, whom fate has caft
Upon a milder age, when Albion fees,
Exulting, on her auguft throne, a Prince
Inform'd with virtues, like her martyr'd Chiefs ;
Whofe breaft delights in juftice, and the law,
With mercy interfus'd. Example bright

For

For future monarchs, and a sliding race
Of thoughtless mortals. PATRON great of arts,
Of genius, commerce, and religious truth.

On this distinguish'd spot shall BRITONS raise
A monument in gratitude to those
Who, timely meeting on its hallow'd earth,
Rescu'd our native Rights from erring zeal,
And ruinous Ambition's lawless views.
Be liberal, ye Sons of Liberty,
Be zealous in the cause; uprear a mark
Of what your grateful bosoms nobly feel:
It is a tribute due to deeds like their's.
Oft shall the British youth, enrapt, survey
The sculptur'd Pile, and emulous of fame
So bravely earn'd, perceive their opening hearts
Fir'd with a virtuous and sublime desire,
As they peruse the animating lines,
Sacred to names that shall for ever live.

But

But hark——what plaudits rend the fluid air,
Great DEVONSHIRE arrives, renown'd for truth,
The true descendant of that glorious CHIEF,
Whom Britons shall to latest times revere
As Freedom's blest PRESERVER. At his side,
Behold the favorite of the graces fair,
Sweet as Love's Goddess, when across the waves
She rode refulgent, in her pearly car,
By Tritons hail'd, to bless th' Idalian grove.
Nor can the eye, that looks with sacred awe
On spotless virtue and exalted worth,
Neglect to turn its reverential orb
On those unshaken PATRIOTS, * whom the muse
Has reverenc'd long, and for their virtues lov'd.
And see, advancing thro' th' applauding throng,
Of Race distinguish'd, STAMFORD wife and good;
And DANBY, bearing in his youthful veins
The patriot current, uncorrupt and pure;
With many a Worthy of exalted Soul,

* The Lords George and John Cavendish.

The Friends of Albion, and of all mankind.
 For he who feels expanding in his breast
 The Christian glow, and conscious of his bliss,
 Grateful partakes of Freedom's fateless sweets,
 Like HOWARD burns, and fosters in his heart
 The godlike impulse, anxious to extend
 To all around the blessing he enjoys.
 Philanthropy inspires his glowing soul;
 He wishes well to all; and pants to see
 A full diffusion of the Rights of Man.
 Must the poor African, while Britain quaffs
 The bowl of liberty, sit drooping, sad,
 Draining Affliction's goblet, dash'd with death,
 Far from his native home, transported thence
 By cruel avarice? Has he no heart,
 That feels the kindred pang, the parting sigh?
 No love within his bosom? Is his flesh
 Insensible of fell-inflicted pain?
 Is he inferior to the monster fierce
 That roams the savage wild; for he sustains

Far

Far greater hardships, and severer woes,
 Whips, horrors, exile, and a ling'ring death?
 No!—BRITONS, ye are conscious of his wrongs;
 Ye will not revel, and let others pine?
 Ye who are met this day to sacrifice
 At Freedom's shrine, will not oppressive bind
 The chain of bondage round your Brother's neck?
 Benevolence forbids you; and your hearts
 Admit her sacred mandates. Heaven abhors,
 And universal justice, what is wrong—
 And All depend upon the will of Heav'n.

Now the Procession, drawn in wond'rous length,
 Returns. The gonfalons, high-born before,
 Stream to the winds and glare with solar fire.
 Music accompanies; and the sweet found
 Of voices, join'd in harmony divine,
 Pours dulcet pleasure on the list'ning ear.
 The Chariots next advance, in order fair,
 A splendid, num'rous train, and next the steeds,

Without

F

In

In triple lines proceeding, prancing off,
 Extend the pompous cavalcade beyond
 The visual reach. Such were in times of old
 The Roman triumphs, had they not disdain'd
 With cruelty their joy : so look'd the train
 Of Persia's monarchs, when they led their pow'rs
 To conquer Grecia, though a diff'rent cause
 Inspir'd their vain designs. The distant hills
 And concave skies continu'd shouts resound,
 And on the gladdened ear unceasing throw
 The joys of freedom. Chesterfield receives
 The festive body now. Her streets, adorn'd
 With Beauty, give the eye to gaze
 Till lost in fond amazement; and the soul
 Fancies Elysian pleasures, while it takes
 Haply, a fatal, and unpitied wound.

In the extensive Area of the Town,
 After parading to the different Inns,
 The num'rous crowd resorts, dispers'd serene,

Without

Without disturbance; there to taste with joy
 The rich repast and quaff inspiring wine.
 There BLUETT, fam'd for elegance of wit,
 For social pow'rs, and sweetness of address,
 Prepares the various feast, delight of those
 Who thoughtless bathe in luxury; to me
 Not pleasing, when each morsel's rich compound
 Rouses the keen reflection, that its cost
 Would purchase for distress's scanty board,
 A grateful meal, and cast a gleam of joy
 Athwart the Cottage's drear, cobweb'd gloom.

The rich refreshment finish'd, quick revolve
 The loyal toasts, the patriot and the brave.
 Hilarity succeeds; and jocund mirth
 Sits smiling on each forehead; friendship fires
 The opening soul; and condescension sweet
 Levels each rank, and wraps the whole in joy.

The humbler multitude, on whom the sun
 Of fair refinement never shed a ray,
 Rejoice with native pleasure: deep they quaff
 The cheering beverage, bounteously bestow'd,
 And writhe their rustic features into smiles;
 Now bless the hands that pour the copious streams;
 Now deeply drink again, and dance for joy.

Nor will the Muse omit the wand'ring few,
 That budge along with pocket by their side,
 Stuff'd with th' effusions of some minstrel bard.
 Reeling with ale, on crutches ill-sustain'd,
 Their ballads chanting; Devon* all their theme;
 His deeds, his virtues, told in rustic rhyme,
 Inspire the heart, and set the croud agape.

Thus pleasure and diffusive harmony
 Crown the regaling throng, till in the west,
 Blushing with brilliant red, the setting sun

Wheels

* Earl, afterwards, Duke of Devonshire.

Wheels o'er th' horizon his refulgent orb,
 And suffers Cynthia, ris'n in the east,
 To shed a glimm'ring ray. The flecker'd clouds,
 Tinctur'd with fluid gold's ethereal die,
 Sail o'er the hills, and leave the sky serene.
 Stillness succeeds; no gale is heard to breathe,
 As if the conscious winds rejoic'd with man,
 And favor'd his delight. Outstretcht and pale,
 Like a calm sea's expanse, a level mist
 O'er Scarfsdale's valley spreads its milky sheet
 Unruffled, silver'd by the lunar beam;
 Save where tremendous Vulcan from his caves,*
 Far-seen by night, emits his flashing fires,
 Involv'd in murky smoke, illumines the dark,
 And gilds with ruddy flames the vault of Heav'n,
 Making the night more drear. The hills beyond,
 Seen thro' th' enlarging medium, huge appear,
 Sublime the scene, and bound the varied view.

Now

* The Foundries near Chesterfield.

Now is the time for those who wish to taste
 Of meditation's unadulterate stores,
 The food of wisdom, to withdraw, inspir'd,
 From the intrusive multitude, and seek
 Some lofty turret, knoll, or shady hill;
 Thence raptur'd, to survey, with wond'ring eye
 And admiration, nature's works sublime;
 Soaring on contemplation's airy wing,
 To that first Cause, omnific and divine,
 Who form'd yon heav'nly orbs, and bid them roll,
 As if instinct with knowledge; who devis'd
 This mighty scene, and made all things so fair.
 And, when exhausted by such tow'ring flights,
 With humbler pinion, hover o'er the vales
 Of human nature; view the various rounds
 Of wide society, its different aims
 Examine, chusing that, rejecting this,
 As suits the conscious impulse of the soul,
 The heav'n-implanted umpire of the breast.
 But riot in this age of levity

Such

Such glorious themes exclude; the pamper'd mind
 Restless, and eager of the changeful scene,
 Wanders adrift in search of specious joy,
 Till thought is wan and dead, and her bright wings
 Clogg'd with the dregs of pleasure—But no more—
 This day is fixt for merriment and joy,
 And not for grave monition, tho' perhaps
 The Wise (for much their suffrage I esteem)
 May not account me faulty, if sometimes,
 Led by the motive of reclaiming vice,
 Or, anger at beholding men so void
 Of reason's light, pursuing folly's lure,
 I strike the moral string, and, anxious, thence
 Solicit strains of gravity and use.
 Nor will they blame my efforts, tho' a scene
 Of local celebration I portray,
 Of soft festivity and grateful joy:
 For, not in dire Bellona's sanguine pomp
 Consist the only topics of the Muse;
 Peace, freedom, virtue, claim her due regard:

Those

Those wound the bosom, these delight the soul.
 Nor is my subject circumscrib'd and low:
 It paints what ev'ry BRITON joins to praise,
 To bless and hallow. Did some higher bard
 Draw what I draw, his song wou'd ever live,
 And fire succeeding ages. Me, alas!
 Fame with no laurel crown important makes
 To win the public ear: I never sought
 That fickle Goddess—In the rural shade—
 In contemplation's calm abodes I've spent
 My youthful, rosy hours; perhaps more sweet
 Than those, the toils of public life may yield;
 But man was form'd for action: choice, alone,
 Allures me to engage in busy scenes
 And arduous labors; assiduity
 And truth, my constant Friends, will lead me on
 Thro' ev'ry danger, and thro' ev'ry task.
 Nor wilt thou, Freedom, be a feeble Friend;
 Thou who inspir'st my Song, and giv'st me notes,
 Of higher accent than become the Lyre

OF

Of bard unpolish'd, whose unguided Soul
 Has sought her own instruction, led by none;
 Rais'd to the level of her humble flight,
 By love of science and celestial song,
 And soul-subliming Liberty. Tho' none
 My steps directed thro' the boundless maze,
 Eager I wander'd to the founts of old,
 To taste the springs of wisdom. Nor in vain
 The great endeavor and excursion wide,
 If in my song concentre any part
 Of their inspiring and impulsive power,
 To move BRITANNIA's Children to despise
 Whate'er is vicious, to support the cause
 Of truth and freedom, to maintain the deeds
 Of ancient Patriots handed down to them.

And were my Numbers equal to the task,
 Not unto BRITAIN only wou'd I sing
 The sweets of Freedom. Gallia, thou should'st hear
 A strain of comfort to inspire thy cause,

G

Thy

Thy cause of glory, yet of blood and strife,
Which soon shall drench thy fields in patriot gore,
Lay waste thy Cities. Lo! on yonder cloud,
Black with tyrannic rage, the Sun of truth
Directs his piercing ray. But now the winds,
Engender'd in Ambition's boist'rous breast,
Break forth amain. Contention dire succeeds
The fatal race of dreadful Nemesis
Ride o'er the blasted soil; each adverse power,
Burning with equal vengeance, sends her bolts
Pregnant with livid ruin: all the fields,
In desolation mourn the mortal strife.
Till in the east advancing, pale and flow,
Like a dull morn, with doubtful omens clad,
After a stormy night, the calm of peace
Hushes the dreadful tempest. Zephyrus next
In shape of Liberty, with balmy power,
Serenes the angry demons of debate,
And hangs the sign of balanc'd power aloft,

OF

Of truth and strength, the promise; certain source,
Of glory, wealth, humanity and peace.

Such struggles must be thine, O Gallia! such
The Muse prophetic deems thee to sustain,
Ere Liberty shall bless thy genial soil;
And pities, while she ponders thy distress.
Say cou'd thy Tyrants preach the rights of man
To BRITAIN'S thankless Daughter, and behold
Their own depriv'd of ev'ry native right?
Say cou'd thy Tyrants preach the rights of man
To BRITAIN'S thankless Daughter, and not see
Their doctrine kindle in thy opening breast,
The flame of Freedom? Did they basely mean,
As Guardians of their people, to dispense
To strangers, Liberty, and bind their own
From their undoubted Birthright? Scheme absurd,
Inhuman, fallible; unworthy Kings!

Perhaps the time approaches (as the light
 Of knowledge sheds her glorious power around;
 As printing grows diffusive, noble rise
 Of modern Europe, minister of good,
 Great aid of reason; as the British laws
 And polity, to distant regions spread,
 Their rule of civil conduct; as the rays
 Of Revelation to the utmost verge
 Of this great Ball their clearing influence shoot,
 Chasing the clouds of darkness, pagan gloom,
 And papal error) when, embracing All,
 Celestial Liberty shall bless the world,
 And All unite in Charity divine.

O'er Chesterfield the Goddess of delight
 Still flaps her wings innocuous. Sounds are heard
 Of jollity benign, on ev'ry side
 Ev'n night herself seems pleas'd. The sons of art,
 Who form factitious thunder, and at will
 Mimic ethereal fires, now tinge their stores,

of

Of complicate combustibles prepar'd.
At first the squib, erroneous in its course,
Insults the croud; and oft, by impious hand
Protruded to the cheek it ought to guard,
Flashes in female eye. O spare the Fair!
Rude monster! can't their tenderness and fears
Restrain thy daring arm? The rocket, next,
Shoots like a meteor thro' the sounding air,
And marks its course with fire. Astonish'd stand
The gazing throng as it ascends the sky.
Now, elevated to a height immense,
It bursts with dire explosion, spreading wide
Innumerable stars and spangles bright,
That gild the skies with emblematic fire;
And, slow descending thro' th' illumin'd air,
Attract with various beauty. Some disclose,
From the dread womb of their sulphureous orbs,
A brood of flaming serpents, waving slow
Their sparkling spires, distinct with orient dyes,
And glitt'ring symbols of the Belgian Prince.

Now

Now the ignited wheel revolves itself
Impetuous, flinging from its flaming rim
Refulgent sparks. And next the fountain pours
A flood of lucid matter in the air,
Of various tincture bright, that gives a cast
Of wild appearance to the objects round,
And decks with many a hue the brow of night.
And last the garland, woven multiform,
Displays its beauteous grandeur, studded thick
With artificial leaves. Unnumber'd hues
Illumine its branches : Colors of the arch
Which o'er the show'ry sky distends its sign,
The halos of the moon and brighter sun,
The purple of the evening and the morn,
With all the fulgence of the risen day,
Unite their various splendors to adorn
Its radiant cone. Magnificent appear
The gorgeous spectacles ; the noblest sights
That human ingenuity performs.
How skilful, and deserving deathless fame

Was

Was he who, searching nature's ample stores,
Contriv'd these wond'rous powers. But fame (alas!)
Posthumous is of no avail: it comes
When the inventor, worn with studious toil,
Has laid his head in Nature's silent lap!
Fame's trumpet is his knell, that shou'd have sooth'd
His sorrows to repose and cheer'd his cares:
It wou'd have given him joy, but comes too late!

The fireworks ended, to their sev'ral homes
The peasants take their way. The hills resound
With their unstudy'd converse, dwelling long
On what they saw, astonish'd, mixt with praise.
O that my mule cou'd follow, and attend
Your artless colloquy, and hear you paint,
(When seated round the comfortable fire,)
The wonders of the day; and mark the smiles
And wild surprise your copious tales imprint
On ev'ry kindred mien. But me awaits
Far other task, more elegant and fair;

Tho'

Tho' nature I admire, and much prefer
Her coarseness, to politeness insincere,
And manners bright with adscititious rays.
O may fair Scarfdale's highly-honor'd vale,
Much fam'd for beauty, more for virtuous deeds,
Long shine exempt from such unnat'ral forms!
To follow nature let it be her way,
Mixt with refinement artless and sincere.

Now to the Ball, refulgent thick repair
The splendid trains, adorn'd in costly robes
Of Orient texture, or Ausonian woof,
To grace the grand occasion. Some, who deign
To patronize BRITANNIA's growing arts,
Display the fine production of her looms,
Which far surpasses now the Indian web,
By Bramin woven near Hydaspes' stream.
But O! what giant form, with sordid hand,
Oppresses BRITAIN's genius? From the East,
Where English rapine strips the Indian wild,

I see

I see imported by insatiate men,
Embodied into formidable Clans,
Huge stores of rival luxuries, that grind,
And wither Albion's efforts at the root!

Now in the mazy dance the joyous train
Immingles. Dulcet harmony conducts
Each swimming foot; and universal joy
Lights her celestial torch in ev'ry mien.

O for a tongue to speak the splendors round!
A power to paint the beauties! DEVON, first,
The most distinguish'd, strikes th' admiring eye.
DEVON benign, whose graces to describe,
Whose virtues to embalm in deathless song,
Castalius' heav'nly fount has oft been drain'd.
Full many a page has borrow'd from her charms
Transcendent lustre, as thro' her this orb
A gem inimitable of grace attains.
And see, of mien enchanting and divine,

H

Embellish'd

Embellish'd FOSTER, whose accomplish'd mind,
Attracts the wife, and wins th' esteem of All.

Nor will the muse neglect to grace her verse
With those resplendent Fair-ones that adorn
And give delight to Scarfsdale's circuit wide.
Thee, HUNLOKE fair, the patroness benign
Of all that's worthy in this rural vale;
Who sets a bright example, in an age
Mistled by pleasure, to the highest spheres,
Tempering the grandeur of exalted life,
With all that's easy, elegant and pure,
The muse selects with pleasure to adorn
Her joyous song. Nor MAYNARD,* wilt thou deem
Her hand presumptuous, if she steal a grace,
(Not lightly valued) from thy spotless name.
Come, SLATER, LUCAS's, ye lovely Nymphs,
Whose eyes are pregnant with a thousand darts;

And

* Since married to Bernard Lucas Jun. Esq.

And with you bring the Maid* of many charms,
 Come, FERNELL, follow'd by the graces fair,
 Whose aspect speaks good nature, and whose orbs
 Resistless radiance rain—my theme adorn,
 A theme delightful to the British fair:
 Thro' liberty ye bloom with all the charms
 That nature first design'd you. Does the flower,
 Imprison'd in the parlour's noxious air,
 Diffuse such sweetness, show such sprightly hues,
 As when it grac'd the woodland where it rose?
 O thank the powers that made your state so blest,
 And drove Iberian horrors far away,
 To dwell where pride and jealousy prevail:
 Grateful rejoice, and pity those ill-starr'd
 Complaining fair, whom savage laws seclude,
 And fiercer men, from nature's pleasing rights!
 I need not urge you: In your vivid looks
 I see benevolence unbounded glow,
 And ever-smiling virtue; without which

H 2

All

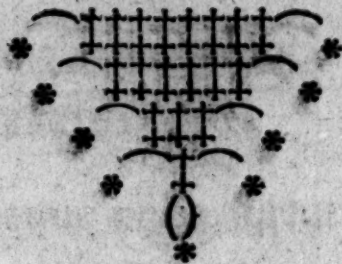
* Miss Cock.

All beauty is but like a meteor bright
That thwarts the air, and for a moment draws
The wond'ring eyes of mortals——then dissolves
In empty smoke——but, dress'd in virtue's charms,
She like the amaranth immortal blooms,
And spreads her sweetness thro' th' admiring world.

Fain wou'd the Muse inweave her first attempt
With many beauteous fair, that bloom the pride
Of neighb'ring hills, and deep romantic dales,
Who, now immingled, with this splendid groupe,
Diffuse the sweetness of their native groves,
With all the polish'd elegance of life;
But language wou'd be vain. True excellence
Needs not the Nine's encomiastic voice
To speak its charms, nor beauty, fir'd with truth,
Their plastic pencil to enhance her bloom.
Then wrapt in sweet amazement let me rest,
And view the radiant circle, catch the glance
Of pure delight that darts from ev'ry eye,

Invitè

Invite each harmless pleasure to my soul;
Indulge those passions that inspir'd my song,
Ingenuous love of liberty divine,
And gratitude to those who, now no more,
Preserv'd us from blind zeal's insensate rage,
And uncontrol'd oppression's galling chain.



invade each battle place to my loss
Indulge those passions that inspire to my loss
Ingenious force of expression
And gratitude to those who now no more
Pierced as from blind seals intended
And unaccounted of operations falling down



E D W I N
A N D
C L A R I N D A.

— Quoties flenti THESEIUS heros,
Siste modum, dixit ! neque enim fortuna querenda
Sola tua est ; similes aliorum respice casus ;
Mitius ista feres.

OVID.

E D W I N

C L A R I N D A

Quoniam licet Thesaurus fides

Sic modum dicitur necesse enim fides quoniam

Sola tua est: fides aliorum respice crine

Mitius illa fides

Opera

T O

LADY HUNLOKE.

THIS simple flower-knot which the Muse has made,
 And now commends to your auspicious care,
 Is twin'd with harmony's delightful braid,
 And deck'd with sweetest flowers of virtue fair.

Amid the wilds and chequer'd walks of life,
 She rudely pluck'd it from the tangling bowers ;
 Where gusts, of passion, perfidy, and strife,
 Destroy of Bliss's shoots the opening flowers.

O may its fragrance glad your polish'd mind——
 That will reward the Muse's pleasing toil :
 The chief of poets wou'd rejoice to find
 His gracious guerdon, in a HUNLOKE's smile.

DARLEY-DALE, SEP. 18th, 1789.

THE HONEY-SUCKER

The little flower that grows in the field
And now a honey-sucker is feeding on it
Is twined with honey-suckle's fragrant vine
And decked with flowers of various kind.

Amid the white and chequered walks of life
The little flower that grows in the field
When first of golden petals and honey
The flower of life is first seen in the field.

I may be here and gone in a moment's time
I may be here and gone in a moment's time
The flower of life is first seen in the field
The flower of life is first seen in the field.

THE HONEY-SUCKER

EDWIN and CLARINDA.

AMID the groves of Meldale liv'd
A Youth of genius true,
Whose bosom all that tender is,
And all that's noble knew.

He long had lov'd Clarinda fair,
In secret long had pin'd :
The sense of his inferior state
In sorrow sunk his mind.

He knew that merit, without wealth,
In these degenerate days,
Should not aspire to win the fair
Whom riches proudly raise.

EDWIN AND CLARINDA.

But love is blind to reason's light,
And fatally pursues
The flowery path that finds despair,
Where madness sheds her dews.

Deluded, charm'd, we travel on,
Oft see the gulf before,
But cheating hope beyond it spreads
A seeming-solid shore :

Thus frantic round the torch's flame
The fluttering insect flies,
And tho' it scorch his painted wings,
He woos it till he dies.

II.

Ah! erring Edwin, turn thy steps,
Nor longer tempt the way
Which leads to anguish! O revert!
Nor grasp illusions gay!

Lift

Lift to thy Father's counsel sage,
Thy Mother's anxious sighs,
Nor change their hairs with mourning grey ;
Experience makes them wise.

III.

But see him deaf to all advice,
The slave of frantic love,
Woe's path pursuing, with his plains
Saluting ev'ry grove.

Conceive him, at the dead of night,
Beside some mournful stream,
To its soft murmurs joining his ;
Clarinda all his theme.

Sometimes he takes his tuneful lute,
And trills a plaintive air,
While ev'ry note's complaining sound
Seems tinctur'd with despair.

IV. A grove

IV.

A grove he fashion'd to his taste,

With myrtles sweet inwove,

And never-fading amaranths,

Fit emblems of his love.

In it he spent his rural hours

Estrang'd from noise and strife,

The sport of fancy, too retir'd

To know how vain is life.

V.

O happy state! had envious love

Not known his beauteous bower—

But who cou'd see Clarinda's charms

And not perceive their power?

VI.

Nigh him she spent her summer-hours;

Was beauty's, virtue's own;

The

The graces and the charms of truth,

In all her gestures, shone :

Her stature was what lover's wish ;

Her cheeks Hygiæa dy'd,

The rose and lily, mingling there,

Enchanting powers supply'd.

With ev'ry ray of polish'd life

Her bosom was refin'd ;

And thro' her bright expressive mien

Shone forth the noblest mind.

VII.

But what is beauty ? What is grace ?

Mischance may come to all :

The storm that rends the rugged thorn,

Condemns the rose to fall !

Ah !

Ah! what are riches? What is pomp?

What is the glare of birth?

The shafts of fate and misery,

Promiscuous strike the earth!

The Good and Ill, in this frail life,

Oft meet an equal fate;

Divine distinction is reserv'd

To bless a higher state.

VIII.

Her Hall was near to Edwin's bower,

An ancient stately seat,

Of all her fam'd progenitors,

The much-esteem'd retreat.

But led astray by modern modes,

Her Father seldom blest

The mould'ring pile—it stood forlorn,

By moss and weeds oppress'd.

The

The neighb'ring swains wou'd often weep
To see its desert state,
And, fir'd with honest anger, curse
The lures that Town await.

Yet oft Clarinda, led by love
Of Solitude divine,
To search herself, to walk with truth,
And worship wisdom's shrine,

Wou'd in its bowers unbend her soul,
And save the summer-hour
From incurvations, vainly paid
To fashion's fickle power.

'Twas here that Edwin saw her first,
And found his peace was lost
On hopeless passion's dreadful sea,
By devious fancy tost.

IX.

Ye Fair, how oft your charms are felt,

Adored and admir'd,

When haply in the groves ye walk,

Or in the dome retir'd ;

Unconscious of the pangs ye cause,

Ye spread your darts around,

Without a wish to heal the breasts

Those errless shafts may wound.

X.

But let Clarinda pass unblam'd ;

She no attention sought ;

To soothe the Sad and cheer the Poor,

Her artless wishes fraught.

Love long had fixt her constant breast ;

Sir Granville was the youth

In

In whom her thoughts centred all——

And all her thoughts were truth.

XI.

Cease, hapless Edwin, cease to waste,

With fruitless fire, thy breast!

Can man appease the tempest loud

When jarring winds contest?

Can he avert the shaft of fate?

Still the tornado's roar?

Or, standing on the stormy beach,

Make ocean rage no more?

O hostile to imperial fate!

From love so weak refrain——

Clarinda is for ever fixt——

Thy passion is in vain!

XII.

Near famous Avon, Granville liv'd ;
A Lord of great domain ;
And much his wealth and high descent
Allur'd the friends of gain.

The neighb'ring Fair he saw resign'd
T'accept his courted hand ;
But venal views withheld the boon——
And round for gold he scan'd.

No tender thoughts his breast inspir'd ;
There interest sat supreme,
And from her ice-invested throne
Pour'd no benignant beam.

Yet he had learn'd the wiles of love ;
To heave the fictitious sigh,
To look sincere, to drop the tear,
And fix th' impassion'd eye.

His

His form was such as wins esteem ;

'Twas manly, bold and fair ;

And all his easy gestures bore

A dignity of air.

'Tis sad to think so sweet a form

Should lodge a heart so fell ;

Thus oft in Afric's spicy groves

The fiercest monsters dwell ;

Thus oft within the fairest flowers

That fragrant scents disclose,

And with their colors please the eye,

Pernicious poison flows.

XIII.

To Meldale, led by loud report

Of fair Clarinda's gold,

With eager haste, to win the store,

His splendid chariot roll'd.

To

To gain the Lady all his art
 And various skill he try'd;
 Oft at her feet he fall'sly swore,
 And oft dissembling sigh'd.

The harmless maid believing heard,
 And of his vows approv'd;
 Yet sweet reserve delay'd her tongue
 To speak how much she lov'd.

Nor was he loath to yield his soul
 To what he deemed love;
 For wealth the artless charmer crown'd—
 At wealth his wishes drove.

But will a selfish, partial flame
 Unceasing fire the soul
 And lead the heart thro' ev'ry test
 To virtue's highest goal?

Will

Will it, when disappointment frowns,
 Not alter and expire,
 But burn with endless ardor bright,
 Like sacred vestal fire?

Alas! Clarinda, thy sad fate
 Too truly can attest,
 What honor ties the flimsy vow
 When interest guides the breast!

Pure, unsuspecting of his aims,
 She lov'd without restraint;
 To love with care she never knew—
 No wiles her breast did taint.

XIV.

To her now nature lovelier seem'd;
 Delight inspir'd each grove,
 Enchantment fill'd each wonted scene:
 Such magic power has love.

The

The morning came with purer breath,

The dew more lucid shone,

And fancy lent a golden ray

To gild more bright the noon;

The dusky-woven wings of Eve

More beautiful appear'd;

And to her ev'ry sweet of life

Her passion more endear'd.

XV.

Thus fancy dreams while love and hope

Alternate seize the breast;

But envious fate full oft destroys

Those dreams of fancy blest!

When ev'ry prospect seems serene

Without a cloud to shade,

Full oft a storm arises quick

Those lovely views t'invade!

O dare

O dare I rail at providence?

In reason why should I,

When men design'd each other's aid,

Each other's peace destroy?

The fordid wretch to bless himself

A thousand wou'd distress——

But can the joys, so vilely gain'd,

Be lasting happiness?

Can conscience hear the maid deplore,

And let her droop and die,

Whose owner basely caus'd her woe?

Let Granville's heart reply.

XVI.

One evening, ere the gloom of night,

With raven wings outspread,

Came shadowy on, while rosy light

Turn'd all the welkin red,

L

Clarinda.

Clarinda, musing, to the bower

Where Granville won her love,

Delighted walk'd—with alders round,

And ivies fenc'd above.

Her shining ringlets sportive wav'd

Around her slender waist,

Whose envy'd shape a filken zone

Of radiant azure grac'd.

Her bosom, rob'd in softest white,

Internal truth portray'd;

And from her eyes a lustre shot

That ev'n illum'd the shade.

A fairer nymph the fancy wrapt

Of Poet cannot feign,

Altho' the fire of Grecia's bard

Inspire his tuneful vein.

XVII.

But who is safe from base designs

Clandestine and corrupt?

Fierce thro' the shades a ruffian broke

Audacious and abrupt.

In vain Clarinda strove to check

His wanton brutal flame!

In vain her cries alarm'd the wood;

No friend to guard her came!

She struggled with unwonted strength——

Now faint and feeble grew——

Was now o'erpower'd, when to her aid

The anxious Edwin flew.

He heard her cries as in his bower

He wander'd wild around,

And tore a sapling stout and firm

From the tenacious ground;

With it he ply'd the wanton wretch,

Who stroke for stroke return'd——

The combat rag'd——with equal ire

Each adverse bosom burn'd.

One, to revenge a much-lov'd fair,

His strength exerted all ;

The other, desp'rate thro' his guilt,

Resolv'd to win or fall.

Now this, now that, the victor seems ;

Each foe maintains his ground——

The distant cliffs and ambient woods

The mighty strokes resound.

But Innocence who, pitying, saw

The long-contended fight,

Directed Edwin's nervous arm

To aim a blow aright ;

Which

Which tam'd the ruffian's boist'rous strength
And fell'd him to the earth,
To bite the clod from whence he drew
(Opprobrious wretch!) his birth.

XVIII.

Edwin had scarce o'erpower'd the brute,
But to Clarinda flew,
Whose aspect like a lily shorn
Display'd a deadly hue:

A dying langour dimm'd her eyes,
Her lips were turning pale,
Like roses that half-ripen'd fall,
Nipt by the northern gale.

With grief and pity deep oppress'd,
He ev'ry effort tries
To call her fleeting life again,
And loud obtests the skies.

Sometimes

Sometimes to her unconscious lips
He sealed his entranc'd,
While o'er her form his streaming eyes
With looks distracted glanc'd.

As verdure, scorch'd by drought intense,
When Sirius fires the sky,
Renews its native lively look
When showers their balm apply ;

So cheer'd by Edwin's timely aid,
Clarinda's cheek resumes
The vital glow—and radiant light
Her languid eyes relumes.

But who can paint the lover's thoughts
When dawning life he spy'd
Give animation to her mien,
And o'er her form preside ?

Th'

Th' attempt is vain : ye best can tell

Who feel a lover's fears,

Who share his raptures, taste his joys

And all his anxious cares.

XIX.

"What thanks are due" (began the maid

With faint and feeble breath)

"To you who have my honor sav'd,

"And me from hapless death."

"Talk not of thanks" (rejoin'd the youth)

"To aid distress and woe

"Is grateful to the breast humane,

"It is my duty too.

"The heartless wretch who basely shrinks

"T'afflict the injur'd fair,

"Deserves not their esteem or love,

"Or honor's meed to wear,

"But

" But to relieve the nymph I love

" What danger could deter

" My daring soul? Be not surpris'd—

" No evil aim infer—

" I do not mean to quell your foe,

" And then your tyrant turn;

" No fires but those of purest kind

" Within my bosom burn.

" But ah! they burn—they burn in vain,

" In secret waste my breast!

" For love sincere, unback'd by wealth,

" Is made the virgin's jest!

" What fatal impulse urg'd my soul

" To grasp so bright a fair?

" Ambition curs'd me with her flame

" To plunge me in despair.

" Ah

" Ah no——ambition's erring power

" My bosom never knew——

" 'Twas admiration of your worth,

" That into passion grew.

" I saw you fair, supremely fair,

" Your worth I knew full more ;

" What breast posselt of tender thoughts,

" Cou'd know, and not adore?

" To certain woe, with open eyes,

" I rush'd impetuous on——

" Then hope amus'd——but ah ! how soon

" I mourn'd her visions gone !

" Yet love with anguish I preferr'd

" To ease the callous know——

" Its misery was delight to me——

" I revell'd in its woe !

M

" The

" The groves alone my sorrows heard ;

" They caught my ev'ry sigh—

" I never meant to tell my love

" But feed on grief, and die.

" O frown not, bright distinguish'd maid—

" I will no more molest

" Your gentle soul."—Here paus'd the youth,

While anguish wrung his breast.

" I frown not, Edwin" (soft and mild

Reply'd the lovely dame)

" I know th' effects of love too well,

" Its wayward fire to blame.

" I deeply pity that such worth

" Shou'd ineffectual burn ;

" For know, brave youth, my hand is vow'd—

" I can't thy flame return.

" Accept

" Accept my gratitude, and strive

" To calm thy fruitless love ;

" Some happier fair of truth so high

" May more deserving prove :

" My friendship shall be ever thine ;

" My prayers shall never cease

" To beg the skies to soothe thy soul,

" And crown thy days with peace."

She blushing said——while Edwin's breast

A ray of solace warm'd——

He wou'd have spoke, but dreadful shrieks

The echoing grove alarm'd !

A messenger, bedew'd with tears,

The mournful tidings bore,

That fair Clarinda's noble fire,

Sir Harcourt was no more ;

M 2 That

And left his child of all depriv'd,
Except a small domain,
Enough, perhaps, from want and toil
Her station to sustain.

But she was born to loftiest views,
Was train'd in ev'ry grace,
Amid the fair of highest rank
She held distinguish'd place.

A dreary lot, Clarinda, thine,
To languish like the rose
Pluck'd from its genial sprig, and thrown
Aside its sweets to lose!

O happier far! hadst thou been found
Upon thy native earth,
A wretched orphan, void of friends,
Unconscious of thy birth:

Then

Then no bright views had fir'd thy soul,

No thirst of pomp inspir'd,

No gay allurements then had found

Thy peaceful vale retir'd.

XXII.

Now arm thyself, O hapless fair,

Unnumber'd woes to bear ;

Withdraw thy wishes from the world—

Its pleasures are but air.

But can thy warm exalted soul,

Once ev'ry circle's glee,

Support exclusion from its sweets,

Neglect and misery ?

Ah no!—the change is too severe !

Of Parents left devoid,

Forlorn of him her breast ador'd

She sinks in sorrows tide :

For

For Granville now no more is seen

To haunt her desert groves ;

The venal lure is thence escap'd,

And with it all the loves.

XXIII.

O perjury ! ungrateful crime !

And yet the lover's jest !

Is there no pain in human laws

For those who wrong the breast ?

The meager wretch whom hunger starves

And withers to the bone,

Must, if he err to save his life,

With penal torture groan ;

Yet he escapes from punishment

Who breaks the virgin's heart——

But will not conscience vengeful rise,

To take the victim's part ?

XXIV. Ah !

XXIV.

Ah! Granville! see beneath yon tree,
The lost Clarinda lie;
The bleak wind whistling o'er her head,
The red-breast hopping nigh.

No radiant vest with gems adorn'd
Her beauteous body veils,
A flowing robe of fable hue
That lovely work conceals.

She speaks, or rather seems to speak—
Her plaints we scarce can hear.
See Edwin now, with pensive step,
To soothe her, drawing near.

His love no change of fortune cools—
Her grief he makes his own;
But can compassion soothe despair?
Or stop the maniac's moan?

With

With love and pity join'd, he tries

To raise her from the ground.

She joy assumes—but ah, that joy

Wou'd ev'n the callous wound!

'Tis like the meteor's transient flash

That gilds the brow of night,

Which makes the melancholy air

More dismal with its light.

“ Cease, Edwin, to torment thy breast,

“ By seeking bliss for me,

(Faint sighs the grateful dying maid)

“ I can't remunerate thee.

“ Thou seest me now forlorn and sad,

“ Who once was rich and gay;

“ Thou seest transform'd to deepest night

“ My falsely-glitt'ring day..

N

“ Death

“ Death took my Father, drove my friends,

“ Those beings of an hour,

“ Who shun misfortune's sickly face

“ To seek a softer power :

“ My house, each day, of visitors

“ A splendid group display'd ;

“ To me each smooth, respectful tongue

“ Deceitful homage paid.

“ But now it stands forlorn and void ;

“ The rich forget its door,

“ And from the falsely-flatt'ring tongue

“ Submission flows no more.

“ Fly, Edwin, fly ; be like the world,

“ Attend where splendor shines,

“ Nor haunt the fatal, hapless grove

“ Where lost Clarinda pines.

“ I hither

" I hither stole, to breathe my last,

" Unheeded and alone ;

" I wish'd not even Edwin's ear

" To catch my final groan.

" O gentle youth, cou'd I reward

" Thy kind, thy tender zeal,

" I wou'd delighted."—Here she paus'd——

His thoughts who can reveal ?

He kiss'd——he grasp'd her snow-white hand——

She look'd with dying eyes——

" Yes, Edwin," (then the mourner said

With intermingled sighs)

" Had I a heart it shou'd be thine ;

" Thy truth wou'd pride disarm ;

" Thy feeling soul, sublime and pure,

" The noblest virtues warm.

" Alas! to Granville's treacherous care

" I trusted all my breast!

" I lov'd him——love him——my fond soul

" His baseness can't detest.

" Nay——shrink not, Edwin; hadst thou seen

" His air, his grace, his eyes,

" Thou wou'dst——but stop——'tis wrong to praise

" What virtue will despise.

" Perhaps, when he in future hears

" I dy'd amid the grove,

" Where oft he swore eternal truth,

" And heard my vows of love,

" A spark of pity——Ah! I dream——

" Does pity dwell in ice?

" Say rather at the grateful news

" His bosom will rejoice——

" Rejoice?

" Rejoice? O cruel!—Thought severe!

" How wretched is my fate!

" Must ridicule attend my tomb?

" Must scorn my truth await?

" What have I done to be despis'd?

" All-seeing power above!

" Thou know'st my bosom—is it guilt

" With too much truth to love?

" To thee I now commend my cause;

" Thy will is wise and just;

" And, O forgive the faithless youth

" Who bends me to the dust!

" Edwin, to thee, what may be sav'd

" Of my derang'd domain

" I have bequeath'd—O may'st thou long

" Its happy Master reign!

" One

“ One slight request to be perform’d

“ With anxious breast I crave;

“ That thou wilt order in this bower

“ My lone secluded grave,

“ And in my urn these papers place

“ That near my heart I wear,

“ Whose lines are now illegible

“ Thro’ many a fruitless tear!

“ And when”——Here Edwin sunk o’erpower’d

Beside the dying fair.

But, O ye depths of human woe!

He woke to find despair!

Her beauteous body, cold and pale,

Beside him breathless lies;

Her snow-white hand points to her heart

And viewless are her eyes.

He

He shrieks——then hopes it is a dream——

But ah! the dream remains——

Distracted wretch! it will not fly——

'Tis what stern fate ordains.

“Heavens!” (exclaims the frantic youth)

“Did death my sense control

“While he destroy'd my love? Fell Power!

“Send back, send back her soul!”

Thus with his wild distracted cries

He loads each passing gale,

Till from the high surrounding hills,

And deep romantic vale,

A train of virgins gathers round,

Who tear their flowing hair,

And o'er the life-deserted maid

Hang weeping in despair.

To

To Harcourt-House they bear her corse

Amid a thousand cries,

While in their bosoms rage and grief

With keen emotion rise.

The poor that once her bounty fed,

Couch'd in the secret shade,

Implore heav'n's blessing on her head,

And mourn their loss, dismay'd.

XXV.

Ah! Granville, does thy stubborn heart

Yet own no pitying power?

Can't thou, unmov'd, destroy of nymphs

The sweetest fairest flower?

Ah! dost thou glory in the deed?

Seest thou yon solemn train?

And yon grave hearse of fable hue

Slow-nodding o'er the plain?

It

It bears Clarinda's pure remains
To that ill-fated grove,
Where thy frail vows misfed her breast,
And falsely stole her love.

What if thy conscience sleeps awhile,
Abforpt in pleasure's dream,
A day may come of keen remorse,
When threat'ning fires shall gleam,

When all her injuries shall rise,
And sting thy frantic soul,
And livid waves of grim despair
In dreadful prospect roll.

XXVI.

But let us turn to him whose grief
Contain'd a fatal charm,
Who found no solace but in woe—
Of heart, alas! too warm.

O

He,

He, deeply-wailing his sad loss,
Oft sought the lurid grove,
Where lay the cause of all his grief,
And object of his love.

The bower he wove in fairest form,
And rais'd a beauteous tomb,
To tell to ev'ry passing maid,
Clarinda's hapless doom:

Thither, as oft as evening came,
His steps were seen to bend;
Nor cou'd th' effacing hand of time
His rooted sorrows end.

Sometimes against the perjur'd fwain,
The poignant song he fram'd,
Then mourn'd the ways of thoughtless man,
And dissipation blam'd.

One morn a Shepherd wand'ring nigh
The death-devoted shade,
(For Shepherds often to the bower
A pensive visit paid)

Beheld, with terror and amaze,
The hapless Edwin lie
Outstretch'd and pale——his faithful dog
And lute reposing by:

His cheek was frozen to the turf,
That veil'd the mould'ring fair,
And o'er his body, pale and cold,
Unconscious swept the air.

"Alas!" (the pausing shepherd said)

"How chequer'd is frail life!

"O let us trust alone to heav'n——

"This world is woe and strife!"



One morn a shepherd wand'ring o'er

The death-dew-dropt shade

For shepherds often to the power

A penitence will yield

Behold, with terror and surprise

The hapless Edwin lies

Quivering and pale — his languid nog

And thus reporting by:

This check was risen to the tomb

That veiled the mould'ring form

And o'er his body, pale and cold

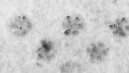
Uncolours sweep the air

"Alas!" (the passing shepherd said)

"How chequer'd is that dead

"O let us rush alone to hear

"This world is woe and strife"



TO THE
REV. MR. W. A. A. A.
OF THE

THE

V A N I T Y

OF

AMBITIOUS EXPECTATION.

AMBITIOUS EXPECTATION

OF

VANITY

THE

TO THE

REV. MR. W R A Y,

RECTOR OF DARLEY-DALE,

IN DERBYSHIRE,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS GRATEFUL

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

D. DAKEYNE, JUN.

TO THE

REV. MR. W. R. A. A.

RECTOR OF DARLEY-DALE

IN DERBYSHIRE

THE FOLLOWING

P. O. M.

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS GRATEFUL

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT

D. DARLEY, JUN.

THE
VANITY
OF
AMBITIOUS EXPECTATION.

TH E wight who quits the scenes of rural life,
And suffers wild his wishes to expand,
Bids heart-felt blifs give way to baneful strife,
Keen disappointment and her joyless band :
No longer then, the grateful gales that fann'd
His summer's evening walk, he hears to sigh,
But feels the storm in wild ambition's land
Beat on his brow, and ev'ry hope annoy,
Expel divine content and soul-expanding joy.

P

Tho'

Tho' to aspire is laudable and just,
When the pursuit is innocent and pure,
Yet expectation we must never trust
To rove at large, whatever be the lure,
But keep her bound in reason's curb secure :
For all is casual and vain below ;
Of fortune's smiles a moment we're not sure ;
Some arm unseen oft aims a fatal blow,
And gives self-promis'd joy, in sad exchange, for woe.

Hope is the balm of life : she cheers the soul,
And decks with smiling flowers each future view ;
Yet to indulge her flights beyond control,
Chagrin and discontentment oft ensue ;
Her tower'ing pinions to yon concave blue,
Shou'd be directed by Religion's hand ;
Thence patience to obtain, and wisdom true,
And fortitude, and temper to withstand
Neglect, contempt and woe, and envy's treach'rous brand.

In bloom of youth, before experience lights,
 With her sagacious ray, the ardent mind,
 A thousand gorgeous, visionary fights
 Awake our wishes, spread them unconfin'd;
 Nor does young reason their excursions bind:
 We erring hope what ages cannot do,
 And promise to ourselves long life to find,
 O'erlook the cheerless vale of age and woe,
 And suffer wide and wild our vain desires to go.

Then like the courser, pawing to be gone,
 That thinks he scours along the distant plain,
 Eager of fame, to proud ambition prone,
 We grasp at things we never can attain;
 Our fancies rash, erroneous and vain,
 Forget that prudence is the way to climb,
 That worth and caution are the means to gain,
 That acquisition is the work of time,
 That labor, join'd with truth, conducts to heights sublime.

From tardy springs the richest crops arise,
Black Eurus blows his blasting breath in vain,
To milder breezes and to kinder skies,
The tender germins trust their embryo grain :
Hence let the sons of haste a lesson gain,
And seize the fit occasion to aspire,
Lest disappointment's peace-corroding bane,
With drooping languor chill their bosoms fire,
And wrap their future days in self-reproach and ire.

O frail ambition! how thy restless rage
Distorts the bosom with its boist'rous power.
Thy dire effects we mark in ev'ry age,
And see thee yet infest the court and bower!
Thy selfish jaws each social bond devour;
Thy foreign aims, extravagant and wild,
Divide us from ourselves, and give each hour
Which once with pleasing satisfaction smil'd,
To languishing suspense, by fear and hope turmoil'd.

Thy

Thy false appearance holds to mortal eyes,
 Dimm'd with the splendor of thy mien elate,
 A fancy'd scene of visionary joys,
 That covers with a veil thy real state.
 But those can best proclaim what cares await
 Thy bloated dignity, who thee have known,
 Who sad beneath thy canopy have fate,
 And even trembled on the guarded throne,
 Anxious with jealous dread, afraid to trust their own.

Hear Wolsey's last remark, when feeble age
 And regal frowns had damp't his swelling pride,
 Hear it, Ambition! and relax thy rage,
 Nor longer seek for grandeur's dangerous tide,
 Where mortals roam, of compass madly void!
 Hear it, with awe; forsake the vain pursuit,
 And seek the scenes where health and joy reside,
 Where balmy gales the drooping Soul recruit,
 And thro' the tranquil bosom virtuous raptures shoot.

To distant things our labors we devote,
Unconscious of the rocks that lie between,
And if kind fortune shou'd our aim promote,
And lead us to the goal so distant seen,
Ev'n there some prospect wakes our wishes keen;
A fresh horizon rises to the sight,
And lures the eye with landscapes sweet and green;
We instant spring to seize the new delight,
But vacant of the means, descend in sorrow's night.

Hence the misanthrope of soul austere,
Who, weary of the world, to caves retires,
And views humanity with eye severe,
While fixt disgust his gloomy breast inspires.
Hence oft the frantic wight whom madness fires;
And many a wretch who causeless makes his moan,
Who, dark of what this simple state requires,
Groped for bliss where bliss was never known,
Resting his airy schemes upon the world alone.

A pair

A pair there liv'd in Deva's flowery vale,
 Fed by the hand of providential care,
 Content and love they sung to ev'ry gale,
 Each eve and morn they greeted with a prayer ;
 The simplest diet was their daily fare ;
 Their liquor what the lucid rill supply'd ;
 Riches they minded not, nor pompous glare,
 But clad in homespun woof by nature dy'd,
 They went to church or hall, or rov'd the mountain's side,

A hut they had amidst a garden plac'd,
 Encircled all by pear and apple trees,
 An ivy green its mould'ring walls embrac'd,
 And constant quiver'd with the sighing breeze ;
 Humming around, a busy clan of bees
 Supply'd the pair with honey's balmy store ;
 Them fill'd with joy th' industrious peasant sees,
 And from their labor learns instructive lore,
 Recounts their wisdom oft and wond'rous order o'er.

Two fruitful meadows were his whole estate ;
The same his ancestors had long enjoy'd ;
Nor wish'd he more. Contented with his fate,
He till'd his acres, and he lov'd his bride.
When morning spread her orient lustre wide,
Awaken'd by the lark's inspiring lay,
He joyous rose, and plain good-morrow cry'd
To all he chanc'd to meet upon the way ;
And health and cheerful song beguil'd the tedious day.

Nor less at evening, when around the fire,
Half-leaning on his mate, exchanging love,
Did the gay Goddess of delight inspire
His genial temper. Gentle as the dove,
The truest-loving bird of all the grove,
And jocund as the soaring lark was he,
Nor cou'd a flight offence his anger move,
Or stop the current of his native glee,
Yet steady was the wight and full of modesty.

To him the world's transactions were unknown;
 The annals of his vill were all he knew;
 He minded not what monarch fill'd the throne,
 Or who the fatal fire of faction blew.
 Yet did he love to talk of Britons true,
 Of Rights and Freedom which he knew by name,
 Enjoy'd, yet understood not; and wou'd rue
 The fate of those to whom misfortunes came;
 And what was wrong and vile wou'd confidently blame.

Fame on his tranquil ear had no effect;
 He saw no pomp his wishes to excite,
 Nor did he feel the anguish of neglect,
 Or hear false praise her flatt'ring tale indite.
 Self-approbation was his chief delight,
 And love of neighbours good, whose morals found
 And simple manners he accounted bright:
 Nor did his soul with sophistry abound;
 His learning's total stock in scripture-lore he found.

Nor did declining years his breast dismay,
Or pour the chill of languor on his mind;
A cheerful heart and "conscience ever gay,"
In age's wither'd vale delight can find.
Nor was his converse aught to spleen inclin'd,
But narrative and full of former things,
Of changes wrought by water, storm and wind;
And oft some adage apposite he brings
T' elucidate his tale, or scrap of ballad fings.

Thus liv'd in calm content this honest pair,
Unmindful of the stealing lapse of time:
Tho' age decays their cheeks, the flow impair
They scarce distinguish from their blooming prime.
Such power has love its object to sublime.
One child they had to cheer their hoary years,
Whom to preserve from shame and sinful crime,
To heaven ascend their warm and frequent prayers,
And in his future weal concentred all their cares.

The virtuous precept and monition pure
 Oft fell persuasive from the harmless fire,
 To warn the wight from vice's fatal lure,
 Whose specious snares enclose a dang'rous mire.
 Simple and plain he order'd his attire,
 Impress'd the weight of prudence on his mind,
 Bad him beyond his fortune ne'er aspire,
 But what his Father's wishes had confin'd,
 Permit to bound his own, and be to God resign'd.

Ardentius heard him with benign regard ;
 And while youth's ripening roses, blooming fair,
 Blush'd on his dimpled cheek, a full reward
 Of all his Father's tenderness and care
 His conduct promis'd. Big with talents rare,
 Of genius fertile, and of fancy warm,
 He strove each mental ornament to share,
 Before him knowledge spread her pleasing charm ;
 And many an antic scheme his playful thought did form.

Oft on a mountain he wou'd sit sublime,
And view the vales with various beauty fair,
Inhale the sweetness of the vernal prime,
And taste the freshness of the morning air ;
Observe Aurora mount her golden car,
And gild the fleecy clouds with rosy light,
Now drawn with fulgence each diminish'd star,
Now light the dew on Aspen twinkling bright ;
Or smit with wonder, view, the grandeur of the night.

Sometimes bewilder'd in a mazy wood,
He'd listen to the cascades thund'ring fall,
Survey the eddies of the foaming flood,
And rocks stupendous which the eye appal ;
Or hearken to the raven's hideous call,
Or music of the birds ; or stand inspir'd,
Viewing the ruins of some gothic wall,
Where superstition's children once retir'd,
Involv'd in monkish mist, with bigot fury fir'd.

Charm'd

Charm'd with the soft delight that nature lends,
 A garden fair he form'd in rural taste ;
 Beside its walks a winding water wends,
 Whose fragrant banks the fairest flowerets grac'd.
 Amid its groves, where ivies green embrac'd
 The arching trees and honey-suckles twin'd,
 The chair for sweet society he plac'd,
 Where Amarillis oft his musings join'd,
 And trac'd with tender thought, the beauties of his mind.

Thus pure, thus happy liv'd the gentle swain,
 Till sumptuous objects roused wild desire,
 Led him to loathe his native fair domain,
 And follow expectation's meteorous fire.
 Ambition, dress'd in gorgeous attire,
 Bids him awake——on tow'ring pinions fly——
 Points to the apex of her pompous spire,
 Then paints illusions fair before his eye,
 And fires his eager soul with dreams of power and joy.

Fame

Fame too invites him to her bright abode,
Fills him with charms of soul-deceiving-praise,
Bids him attempt her fiend-infested road,
To her high throne his wild ideas raise,
And all th' allurements of her reign displays.
Enrapt, he listens to the Syren's wiles,
Surveys her eminence with ravish'd gaze,
And weens not, that beneath her specious smiles
A thousand thorns are lodg'd, a thousand arduous toils.

Now farewell ev'ry genuine joy of life,
Adieu each scene that pleas'd his infant soul;
Hope, fear, ambition, with unsocial strife,
The alter'd regions of his breast control.
No more he tastes of love's nectareous bowl,
Or communes rapt with Amarillis fair;
Far other beauties in his prospect roll,
And bloom the objects of his bosom's care,
Whom wealth and birth adorn, and grandeur's pompous glare.

No

No more he gazes with enrapt survey
 On nature's charms; or with sublime surprise,
 Sees the white ridges of the surging sea,
 In undulation horrible arise,
 And with their billows seem to beat the skies:
 With blank, unmeaning face he looks around,
 Dead to the bosom's pure primeval joys.
 With aims extravagant his thoughts abound,
 Which wrap his absent soul in reverie profound.

The pleasant groves and vistas he had plann'd
 Amid his garden, haunts of sweet delight,
 By odors scented and by zephyrs fann'd,
 And deck'd with ev'ry grace to please the sight,
 Now bloom neglected by the tasteless wight;
 Weeds baneful spring and smother ev'ry flower,
 And with offensiveness the Dryads fright,
 Obstruct the entrance of each rosy bower,
 Till wilderness again asserts her dreary power.

Thus

Thus when the soul is from herself estrang'd,
 And by delusive objects led aside,
 What us'd to please to dreariness is chang'd,
 And of its former beauties left devoid.
 'Tis not in things themselves that charms abide,
 Fancy full oft supplies the finish'd grace,
 Deems that majestic which was born of pride,
 Sees charms resistless in an Æthiop's face,
 And can th' imagin'd source with raptur'd frenzy trace.

'Tis thine, blest power! imagination fair,
 Divine enhancer of terrestrial joy!
 To lend ethereal sweetness to the air,
 And keener feeling to th' admiring eye.
 Yet thou hast equal power our blifs t'annoy:
 When gloom surrounds us horrible and drear,
 Thou, like the meteor of a dusky sky
 Canst make that gloom more terrible appear,
 And evil's haggard face a direr aspect wear.

To feel thy charms, O sweet celestial power !
 Secure from danger and uncouth allay,
 True piety shou'd gild each passing hour
 With pure religion's unadulterate ray ;
 Nor shou'd our bosoms ever run astray,
 But grateful taste whatever God bestows,
 Pursuing always virtue's smiling way,
 Not lur'd aside by visionary shows,
 Whose lustres lead full oft to misery and woes.

Ardentius now, impatient of delay,
 Attempts to climb the slippery steep of fame ;
 Envy pursues him all the devious way,
 And wanton censure foils him with her flame ;
 Precipitation makes his efforts lame :
 He rushes forward fearless of a fall,
 Fill'd with the fancied pleasures of a name,
 And deaf with confidence to reason's call,
 Grasps at the laurel bough, nor aught can him appal.

To various aims he bends his changeful mind,
Which deep bewilder'd in a wide abyfs,
No settled system of purfuit can find,
Now chufing that, and now rejecting this.
And now the call of power he hears with blifs.
O follow not the falfe deceitful found!
The pomp of ftate a mere delufion is;
Its fpecious fmiles with thorny cares abound,
Its road is arduous too, and treacherous is the ground.

The brilliant circlet which yon height furrounds,
Where place and power their awful ftations hold,
Enclofes fear and confcience-goadng wounds,
Though of exterior luminous and bold:
Thus mifty halos which the fun infold,
Attract with fplendour while they ftorms contain.
But to Ardentius it is vainly told,
That elevation is unbleft and vain,
Where honors fhine fo bright and fplendid glories reign.

But

But why shou'd his various fate portray,
 Since fancy can the muse's task supply ?
 I need not paint what barriers vex'd his way,
 What disappointments kill'd his promis'd joy,
 What woes he rued deriv'd from treachery.
 Each self-form'd vision vanish'd when at hand,
 Whate'er he gain'd, tho' pleasing, soon did cloy :
 While expectation distant glories scan'd,
 Each fleeting moment prov'd how vain and wild he plan'd.

Thus led by meteorous hope from view to view,
 He travels forward in life's thorny vale,
 Sometimes he halts, then promises renew
 His dormant ardour and his heart regale.
 And now his steps with age begin to fail,
 And disappointment bends him to the ground ;
 Thrown on the wither'd grafs he breathes his wail,
 While hills and neighbouring groves his plaints resound,
 His murmurs multiply, and spread his grief around.

“ Ah! what is life? a wild tumultuous dream,
“ A scene of hope, of passion, and of pain!
“ In youth we see the stars of grandeur gleam,
“ And strive their fictitious glories to attain:
“ But expectation often soars in vain;
“ We dream of greatness, never mean to die,
“ Expect, despair, then mourn, then hope again,
“ Now this expedient and now that we try,
“ And following airy schemes from real grandeur fly.

“ At first, a stranger to the world's false glare,
“ I tasted pleasure with a bounding heart,
“ Guiltless of envy and ambitious care,
“ I ne'er complain'd of disappointment's smart;
“ The world appear'd to me devoid of art:
“ I look'd with charity on all mankind,
“ Thought ev'ry swain perform'd a virtuous part,
“ Thought truth the ruler of the human mind;
“ Then calm my bosom was, romantic, yet refin'd.

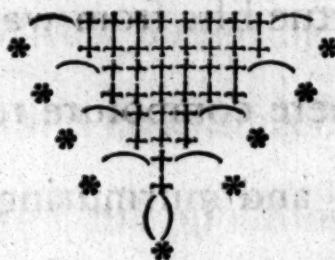
“ But

" But now (O sad reverse!) mankind appears
 " A motley picture hideous to the eye;
 " Each face a frown of pride or envy wears,
 " That breaks of social love the sacred tie:
 " Here folly leers; there insolently high
 " The fools of fortune stalk with haughty air;
 " Here pleasure's trains in gorgeous revels vie;
 " There scandal's fiends the blasting tale prepare;
 " And here affected worth displays her borrow'd glare.

" What man that's wife wou'd haunt such hateful scenes
 " Whom conscious virtue lifts from ways so low?
 " O let me haste to where composure reigns,
 " Where Zephyrs fan, and murmuring waters flow,
 " Where human foot was never seen to go!
 " There weary of a thankless world unkind,
 " And bleeding with the arrows of its woe,
 " Alone, I'll fight my sorrows to the wind,
 " Blame all its treacherous aims and hate its follies blind."

He

He said : and sought a solitary cell,
 Dismal with nature's frown, a dire retreat,
 Where night and solitude for ever dwell,
 And birds obscene their clatt'ring pinions beat,
 Amid its gloom terrific to complete
 A giddy life, in wild confusion hurl'd,
 That might have laps'd (had prudence led his feet,
 Had life her genuine page to him unfurl'd)
 With pleasure to himself and profit to the world.



A N E F F U S I O N.

W H A T raptures seize my ravish'd sense
Whene'er I think of Britain's weal,

And view a virtuous King dispense

Impartial good with patriot zeal.

No thirst of empire fires his breast,

Which oft misleads the kingly train ;

His soul, with nobler passions blest,

Delights in peace's gentle reign.

He wisely knows that Empire's strength

Consists not in its width or length,

Or war's terrific flame :

Good

Good order in a little isle,
 With public faith and peace's smile,
 Does proud ambition shame.
 And see from Britain's regal Sire,
 With truth combin'd,
 And wisdom join'd,
 These grand essentials flow—
 See Albion, like an orb of fire,
 All nations daze
 And deep amaze
 With conduct guided so.

II.

See commerce rear her golden head
 Wide-beaming o'er the busy land;
 What thousands thro' her powers are fed,
 What riches gild the crowded strand!
 I see a band of Patriots rise,
 Monopoly's indignant foes,

To

To crush that monster which destroys

The source whence strength substantial flows.

I see them struggle, and prevail——

What may not conscious truth assail?

Lo! genius thrives amain——

Not works of oriental art,

Or fashions brought from foreign mart,

Can Britain's strength sustain.

Upon herself she must depend :

Her arts are like

The veins that strike

Across her caves profound,

Which, while they prove the owner's friend,

To thousands give

The power to live,

Diffusing wealth around.

III.

Ha! see yon peasant at his toil——

How glad he tills the stubborn ground :

Well may he labor, sing and smile,
 Protective freedom girds him round.
 O may each vale such efforts find,
 And taste the sweets endeavours shed!
 May commerce be with culture join'd,
 May art and labor kindly wed.
 From them shall spring a goodly train,
 Old England's greatness to maintain,
 And raise her ne'er to fall:
 While guardian laws, with equal hand,
 Shall spread their influence thro' the land,
 Adjust and balance all.
 In that department glad I see,
 Pursuing truth
 With mingled ruth,
 A rank of sages true
 From baneful court-control set free,
 Whose learning bright
 Emits a light
 To aid the liberal view.

IV.

Hail Science, soul-subliming power,

Expander of the human breast!

What raptures fill'd my native bower

When first thy sweets my fancy blest;

What pleasure to my rural hours

Since then thy heavenly hand has brought!

With thee no time displeasing lowers,

With thee disports no idle thought.

Haste, dignifier of the soul,

Approach thy bright exalted goal;

To ev'ry nation spread;

Diffuse humanity divine,

Our bosoms soften and refine,

And all in kindness wed.

Of that fair age now dawns the morn.

How blest the eye

Which shall espy

Its wide-extended day

It comes, on wings of freedom borne:

The Nations meet .VI

In concord sweet,
And hatred flies away

What raptures fill'd my native power

When first thy sweets my fancy bless'd

I see the time, when ancient foes

Shall gladly walk in friendship dear,

Or side by side on couch repose,

Of either's harm devoid of fear.

Then no pursuit, but to assist

Each other, shall direct the breast;

Then knowledge shall dispel the mist,

And darkness which religion vest,

Then shall the soften'd White no more

With scornful eye the Black explore,

Or hold him in contempt—

The jetty Son of Afric's wild,

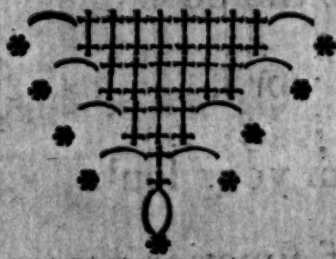
So long the woe-devoted child,

Shall smile from chains exempt.

It comes on wings of freedom borne:

O haste

O haste thou happy glorious day,
Whose primal light
In Britain bright
First sprang to spread around,
Where freedom yields her fost'ring ray,
Where all refin'd,
The royal mind
The noblest Guide is found.



TO

The Nations meet .VI

In concord sweet,
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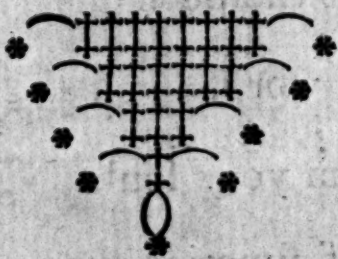
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TO

TO A LADY.

'T I S not your beauteous form, tho' passing sweet,
Your love-inspiring eyes, and noble air,
That give me to admire, it is the pure
Exalted sentiments, in ev'ry word,
In ev'ry gesture, flowing from your soul.
Tho' learn'd and conscious of superior powers,
What from your tongue distils appears the pure
Unstudied emanations of good sense,
Artless and easy, simple yet sublime,
Sublime thro' majesty of truth, and soft
As music's dulcet sound. I never hear

Your



